New York Tribune.

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Governor Sulzer Must Explain the Schiff and Elkus Checks.

Attorney General Carmody is almost certainly right in holding that the Legislature is still in session. It is fantastic to say that it could not take the recess which it is taking. And it is equally sure that he is right in declaring it impossible to go back of the returns and determine whether there was a quorum present when the resolution was passed taking a recess till August 11. The courts would certainly hold the journals of the two houses to furnish sufficient evidence that a quorum was present.

Upon the question whether the Frawley committee has authority to inquire into the Governor's campaign expenditures there is room for a difference of opinion. But there is plausibility in Mr. Carmody's argument that the Governor himself opened the way for the resolution passed at the special session conferring this authority on the committee in his recommendation that the Legislature throw about the primaries all the safeguards which the law places about regular elections and that it limit expenditures at primaries. This, Mr. Carmody reasons, permits the Legislature, which is restricted in extraordinary session to the consideration of questions referred to it by the Governor, to make an inquiry as to how the present election law is working. If Governor Sulzer chooses to fight the inquiry into his campaign expenditures it may be that the courts will interpret more strictly than the Attorney General does the limitation upon the Legislature's authority in extraordinary sessions.

But Governor Sulzer will be badly advised to fight. To refuse to explain, as his clerk did about the Schiff and Elkus checks, will not prevent the Tammany inquisitors from bringing out more damaging facts if they have them. It will only prevent Governor Sulzer from presenting his side of the story officially to the public.

If the Governor declines to explain, the people will conclude that he cannot explain. The people will form the worst possible impression from his unwillingness to throw the fullest light upon his campaign fund transactions. Mr. Sulzer cannot afford to dispute the Frawley committee's authority. Whether it is properly authorized or not, his honor has been impugned, and he should seek an immediate opportunity to explain the obvious discrepancy in his accounts.

Brightening the Brooklyn Commuter's Lot.

This morning trains will be running from Canarsie and Cypress Hills through to the sub-basement of the new Municipal Building by way of the Centre street loop. After many years of tedious waiting the Williamsburg Bridge will be put to use on a large scale as an alternative through route from a considerable part of Brooklyn, relieving by that much the congestion in traffic over the old Brooklyn Bridge. It is a striking commentary on the lack of concentration and foresight with which the problem of communication between Manhattan and Brooklyn was handled under earlier administrations that the big Williamsburg Bridge had to be used for more than a decade for casual and local traffic only and that the Manhattan Bridge has stood practically idle ever since its completion.

Happily, the days of isolated improvements and haphazard transit planning are over. The Centre street loop was intended originally to unite the New York ends of the Brooklyn, Manhattan and Williamsburg bridges and to furnish facilities for continuous train operation in both directions. That was a rational remedy for the situation as it then stood and would of itself have diminished by more than half the intolerable rush hour crush in the dead end Brooklyn Bridge terminal. But later and larger plans for interborough communication have given the loop still more important uses, and it will serve as a link connecting all three bridges and the lines operating over them with the Fourth avenue subway in Brooklyn and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit's subway system in Manhattan.

The opening of the loop this morning is therefore the first partial realization of the dream of making the two boroughs really one so far as interlinking transportation systems are concerned. From now on the union will be closer and closer and interchanging facilities will become so complete that the next generation will listen with probably ill concealed skepticism to the tales of cattle train hardships told by the survivors of the old-fashioned Brooklyn Bridge crush.

Solving a Prison Problem.

The purchase last week by the State of New Jersey of a tract of a thousand acres of fine farm land in the southern part of its domain marks another important step toward solving the problem of its state prison. Contract labor in prison shops is objectionable from various points of view, and idleness of the prisoners is still more so. What the state seeks, therefore, is some convict labor system which is at once profitable and free from objections.

This is to be found in part upon this farm. There can, of course, be no form of labor more beneficial to the physical and moral wellbeing of the prisoners. Neither can there be any more free from the stock objections which are made to having convict labor compete with free labor. These convict farmers will not send produce to market to compete with others. All that they raise will go to supply their own prison and other state institutions, and at worst they will merely deprive the farmers of the state of that one market, which ought to be preferable to their living in idleness at the expense of taxpaying farmers.

Another similar step is about to be taken in the northern part of the state, where a large quarry is to be purchased, in which prisoners will turn out road metal, with which other prisoners will build an elaborate system of telford and macadam highways all over the state. This will not compete with free labor in the markets, as all the output will be for the state's own use; but it will enable the state to secure a fine road system at a minimum of cost. Already many prisoners are employed there in road making, with highly gratifying results and with thus far not a single unpleasant incident. The example thus set is worth observation.

His Greatest Effort.

Mayor Gaynor hasn't written a letter on any topic for at least a week. The "rag-bag" editors, the "scamps" who refuse to believe that his honor is the clearest-minded, most consistent and most inerrant Mayor that any city every had, the virtues of Waldo, the shining integrity and simple unsophistication of our model police force—all these topics have had a well earned rest.

There must be a hen on. Perhaps the Mayor is composing his greatest effort. It is nearly time for him to take his pen in hand, look up the street number of that ancient institution in East Fourteenth Street in which Democratic municipal nominations are made and drop into a philosophical discussion of the theory of recurrences in office. Doesn't one good term deserve another, just as one cup of coffee incites a natural thirst for a second cup?

We await an epistolary masterpiece on the topic nearest and dearest to every officeholder's heart. Besides, inditing such a letter would be more dignified and effective than hanging around Murphy's doorstep and whistling that plaintive melody, "Haven't I Any Friends?"

The Testimony of an Expert Swimmer.

The question of just how much hampering costume a woman must wear in bathing refuses to be downed. The Chicago young woman who shocked the local authorities by appearing in bloomers started the discussion; and opinions are coming in the country over.

One point that ought to be settled is disposed of by Miss Adeline Trapp, an expert swimmer and lifesaver in our local waters. Can a woman swim safely and well in a skirted suit? Her answer is a forcible "No!" For the charming creature whose highest ambition is to be photographed on the beach or walk a few feet into the sea with able assistance a tea gown effect is as convenient as any other. But for real swimming—for the ability to take care of one's self in the water and give help to some one else in case of need—a clinging skirt is rated by Miss Trapp as an absurd and dangerous hindrance.

Let it be added that Miss Trapp herself follows the European fashion—at a distance. She wears a man's suit when actually afloat. On the beach she dons what she terms a "princess slip." But then, as we intimated before, Miss Trapp takes swimming seriously, very seriously.

Rights of the Press in Campaigns.

Timely, erudite and interesting is an original article in the current number of "Bench and Bar" on "Libel of Public Officers," written by William Beers Crowell, legal adviser to Mayors McClellan and Gaynor. Citing the principal decisions applicable since the famous Chancellor Walworth ruling made in 1829 down to the more familiar Bingham-Gaynor controversy, Mr. Crowell makes the point that published criticism of public officials is one of qualified privilege. He holds that such publication should not be actionable except where malice be shown. Many of the judicial opinions uphold that view in whole or in part.

Ethically considered, Mr. Crowell's point is sound and logical, for conditions which existed in the early years in this country and on which the present archaic libel laws are based have changed radically. The modern newspaper from every point of view is so much the public servant, rather than the personal organ, as was the case in the last century, that a far wider latitude in comment should be legal, for the chance of abuse of such privilege is so remote as to be negligible.

School Hygiene.

No longer is school instruction a matter of book learning alone. Neither is the sane mind in the sound body aimed at by the simple expedient of setting the naturally athletic to competing on diamond and gridiron, with the physically incompetent "rooting" in impotence on the side lines. To supplement sport we have now the teaching and application of health principles. The large, mixed populations of our great cities present more complicated difficulties of every kind than exist in schools of old-fashioned homogeneous make-up. Country schools, too, offer their own peculiar problems of morality and wellbeing.

School hygiene as applied to either kind of institution is a comparatively new science, but it has gone far enough to merit public support. The international congress of its devotees, to be held this month in Buffalo, is the fourth on record, but the first to meet in America. Yet we Americans have not been idle. Says Dr. Thomas A. Storey, professor of hygiene at the City College:

> Up here, indeed, we have adopted something more than mere inspection. We are endeavoring to show the students why personal hygiene is important to the personal and institutional welfare. We not only condemn bad teeth, for instance, and require that they shall be attended to without delay, but we make clear to the affected youngster why his imperfect teeth may have their sad effect upon his scholarship and the future for which scholarship prepares him.
>
> We do not think that we or any other educational institution has discovered as yet the exactly right adjustment between body and mind, but we are nearer to knowing it than our grandfathers were, and we shall be still nearer a year hence than we are now.

The Buffalo programme includes a study of hygiene as applied to school buildings, grounds, materials and upkeep; administration and schedule; inspection and supervision. The congress and its discussions will interest every wideawake parent.

The "Stand-Pat" Cabmen.

The tactics employed by those interested in perpetuating the abuses of the old cab ordinances are characteristic of the craft. Cabmen in this city have long acted on the theory that since they catered largely to a floating public—travellers in transit, visitors and sightseers—they ought to be allowed to take out of the traffic the last cent which it could bear. They have looked upon the streets as turned over to them for their operations upon the stranger within our gates, and by a natural confusion of ideas have come to classify those New Yorkers who have the hardihood to ride in cabs as strangers for get-rich-quick purposes. They hate to accommodate themselves to the idea that they are conducting a business which the city licenses for the benefit of its own citizens. They do not want to fit into any plans for re-establishing what is a semi-public service on a public service basis. They are fighting to keep alive the old system of trickery, discrimination and graft.

The public would like to see short work made of these survivors from the highbinding past. It is time for New York to modernize itself and furnish its residents with cab facilities somewhere near equal to those enjoyed in other cities in this country and in Europe. It is not alone a cheaper scale of rates that is needed here. What is still more urgently required is a general recognition by cabmen that they owe it to the community as well as to themselves to be law-abiding, truthful and fair.

The best jewels to use this year at the fashionable summer resorts are those that are near real.

Murphy wants to be known as an impeacher as well as a whitewasher.

Two thousand Manhattan ragmen have gone on a strike. Wouldn't it be tragical if the Tammany bagmen should walk out, with a hot campaign for local offices right at hand?

Secretary Redfield has just gone on a month's vacation, but, so far as is now known, he will not spend his holiday fighting those hungry wolves, High Cost of Living and Fixed Overhead Charges, which hang about an unfortunate Cabinet officer's doorstep.

AS I WAS SAYING

Jewels! jewels! who's got the jewels? Take your pistol, Watson. The case presents some interesting features.

True, Scotland Yard has reached the Pier ahead of us. Everybody has talked—the Pieresses, the police, the reporters, the very press agents—and a weird mess they have made of it. But are we baffled? We are not. Just by smoking cross-legged we have already fixed the blame. Watson, deduce!

A sweet pain it is, watching poor Watson deduce. One would prolong it. Yet we cannot torture our beloved readers with needless suspense. Brethren, the key to the scandal is the so-called "blue murder car" seen lurking in the distance the night of the robbery. Examine that car. Study it. Note the stout wheels, the enormous body, the solid tires. Well, then!

We blame the Pieresses, whose jewels were far too small. Think of Pieresses disgracing America by sporting jewels that could be put aboard an ordinary motor truck! Officer, arrest those women!

* * *

How we envy the Exchange Editor! Poaching on his preserve, we learn that "Sir Fredrick Treddleston is ninety-seven to-day, yet so erect, hale and hearty that he might easily pass for five"; also that "Mr. Stefansson's gallant ship, speeding ever northward, has reached Rome"; and finally that "a warm, maternal heart beats under the Vicereine's petticoat." Hourly enriched with treasures like these, what a mind the Exchange Editor must have!

* * *

If we chastise Mr. L. A. Browne it is for his own good, and hurts us more than it does him. Besides, we strive to deter others from committing his terrible sin of omission. Right in "Lippincott's" he informs us that "Fear sat on the river bank, Hope waded in, Nerve leaped across," and stops there. Oh, wicked! For it is well known that Sound Judgment built a dam, added a nickel's worth of weissnichtine, and sold the river at $18 a gallon as Coney Island orangeade.

* * *

From Kennebunkport comes the remarkable dispatch: "Mr. Gregory has been here for more than thirty years every summer." Revolting—isn't it?—the stories these resorts will circulate to attract business!

* * *

Paragraphs, power; power, responsibility. We quake. We dropped a careless word the other day about matrimonial advertisements, little guessing that it would embolden a fiery reader to be and go and do it, and then come roaring around with hate in his heart and blood in his eye.

Why so ferocious? The ladies scorned his advertisement, we admit, but he now has the largest collection of sample bottles ever amassed in modern times, and not a blessed one of them but is warranted to cure baldness.

* * *

"Is this play a melodrama?" asked Smith, timidly.

"Mellow!" snapped the magnate inside the box office. "Mellow! It's rotten."

Which was true, and a jolly fine joke—once. Tame reading it makes now, though touched with a certain quaint historical picturesqueness.

How times have changed! To-day this antiquary fragment needs complete revision—in fact, rewriting—thus:

"Heard the scandal? After all these years of happy married life Amanda has chucked Smith."

"? ? ? ?"

"No, of course not! It's his fault entirely.

"You mean"——

"He joined the club."

"Not the disgusting, fast, unspeak"——

"Worse! The magazine club."

* * *

Didn't we say the box office joke had a certain quaint historical picturesqueness? The revised version only emphasizes it. Scan the lovely vice sections of fully half our fifteen centers; skim their bewitching immoralettes; see their illustrations. Then think back to those dear, dead days beyond recall when a mere play could set up as a shocker.

* * *

Plowdenism—so named for the London magistrate who thought it up—is the newest philosophy of motordom. The gospel according to Plowden forbids a woman to sit beside the chauffeur. "It is a distracting companionship," says he. "Some ladies are nervous, some inquisitive, some garrulous, some attractive."

In England, where women have shown themselves so submissive, Plowdenism will doubtless enjoy a wild and delicious popularity. Here, however, we decline to Plowdenize. There's a reason.

Nevertheless, we think the finger of the judiciary has pointed out the weak spot in motordom, and we accept the principle. If we cannot quell the ladies we can at least cope with the chauffeurs, though drastic regulations will be needed. We favor a law requiring chauffeurs not only to be blind, as at present, but also deaf. R. L. H.

NEW YORK FROM THE SUBURBS.

New York is to have the largest courthouse and the largest church in the world. Every city is the best judge of its own needs.—Omaha Bee.

Why not abolish women's skirts entirely? More pronounced slits in them is the decree of the recent New York fashion show.—Topeka State Journal.

New York's new taxicab rates and rules went into effect at midnight, but innocent travellers visiting Manhattan will continue to get stuck, as usual.—Boston Globe.

Tell us not in mournful numbers there is nothing new under the sun. A New York woman, suing for divorce, says her husband left her because—imagine it—she couldn't play the piano!—Columbia State.

When The New-York Tribune contains an editorial on "Tomfoolery and Progress" we do not understand that such precedence is given tomfoolery by New York on account of its importance, but because of its preponderant quantity.—Houston Post.

When a Chicago man visits a New York restaurant of Broadway calibre and asks for soft shell crabs with tartar sauce he doesn't get it. When he raises a row and receives back talk from the waiter the waiter is discharged and waits outside to beat the Chicagoese up—all in the way of education of the backwoodsman. Take a tip from us. Do not try to import Chicago ideas into New York; if you do you will get a New York idea in the eye.—Mobile Register.

HAVE YOU NOTICED THE NEW WALK?

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

WHO VOTES IN AMERICA?

A Suffragist Inquires if Women Will Find Only Thugs at the Polls.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Does the editor of The Tribune suggest in the cartoon by James Montgomery Flagg, in last Sunday's supplement, that only negroes, bums and gamblers vote? If so, the country should lose no time in getting the women to the polls to offset their votes. Such a cartoon should bring forth an indignant protest from every self-respecting voter in the country.

FLORENCE YOUNG.

New York, Aug. 1, 1913.

THE BULGARIAN SOLDIER

He Is Pictured as a Model of Deportment on the Battlefield.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: One who has never seen the Bulgarian soldier in action, either in time of peace or in time of war, will never know how highly the Bulgarian soldier stands regarding patriotism and conduct.

He is kind, good hearted, a perfect man, never drinks, as if he ever does he knows what it means; he respects every one, acts gently, does not use vulgar language, and obeys all orders, as he well knows that only under these circumstances can he crush his enemy.

When he is called for war he is full of satisfaction, ambitious to come into action and only awaits the order for "Na nosh!" Once this command is given nothing in front of him can repulse his attack, for it means liberty or death. He has suffered enough from the non-human Turk and fights for freedom with all his mighty heart, as he knows what it means to be under Turkish or Greek misrule.

LOUIS DIMITROFF.

New York, Aug. 1, 1913.

SWAT THE DRAGON FLY!

Having Failed to Exterminate Mosquitoes, Why Should They Be Saved?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Regarding the plea in a certain store window and in a letter to your paper for the protection of dragon flies, the whole thing is idiotic.

Who does, or can, kill dragon flies? If all the people, all the time, chased dragon flies they could not dent the supply, and all the dragon flies, though chasing mosquitoes all the time, do not seem to dent the supply.

Dragon flies have the ability to clean up the mosquitoes and ought to be killed for not doing it. JAMES PILLOW.

New York, July 31, 1913.

FOR MR. M'ANENY, TOO

He Stands with Mr. Mitchel on the N. Y. Central Track Question.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why should not the same questions which I asked John Purroy Mitchel in the letter which you published this morning be asked of Mr. McAneny? He signed the report of the sub-committee of the Board of Estimate with Mr. Mitchel, disposing of miles of the city's waterfront, and without ascertaining whether the land belonged to the city or to the railroad. He also assumed that it belonged to the railroad and advocated paying millions to the railroad for a fee which belonged to the city.

When did the Board of Aldermen, which Mr. McAneny criticises so severely, do anything more outrageous in Tweed's palmiest days? At the many public meetings to consider this report citizens often challenged the legality and propriety of the proposed cession of the eight miles of waterfront to the railroad, but without receiving the slightest assistance from Mr. McAneny. It is impossible to suppose that during all the months of discussion of last winter the truth was not perceived by him, no matter how negligent he may have been in signing the report in the first instance.

With all his zeal for clearing ornamental projections over the sidewalks of the public streets, why does he allow the railroad to use miles of Twelfth avenue, to the entire exclusion of the public? Why does he advocate in this report that the city pay to the railroad hundreds of thousands of dollars for permission to use a roof over its own street—i. e., Twelfth avenue north of the 58th street freight yards?

For two years the citizens of the West Side have been hoping for some amelioration of conditions in "Death Avenue"; there has been no progress; we are back where we were thirty years ago, when I began this fight.

J. BLEECKER MILLER.

Secretary, League to End Death Avenue.

New York, July 29, 1913.

SKIN GRAFTING

Attention Is Called to a Reported Discovery by Dr. Carrel.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Much has been recently published in The Tribune relative to the little Colwell child who was badly burned four months ago, and who, since that time, has undergone many grafting operations of skin, this morning's Tribune says from "thirty-five or forty volunteers." One of the volunteers, it is said, is in a serious condition as a result.

In view of the discomfort and risk incurred by these generous volunteers it may be suggested that the Rockefeller Institute is reported as keeping preserved in vaseline lined tubes a large amount or number of skins for grafting operations. Dr. Alexis Carrel was reported on June 23, 1913, to have publicly said in Paris "that he had an arrangement with the New York Maternity Hospital whereby all stillborn babies born within the hospital are skinned, so that his laboratory may always have a reserve of fresh human skins on hand for grafting operations." As there must be a large number of stillborn babies at the hospital, and as Dr. Carrel is abroad and supposedly has no present use for their skins, it would seem that the institute would be glad to supply them, thereby not only saving further volunteers, but piecemeal operations on the child. S. M. FARRELL.

New York, July 22, 1913.

FACTORY FACTS VS. FAIR PLAY

A Reader Presents a Defence of Child Labor.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Are there any properly conducted cotton mills in the North or in the South? If so, I wish the papers would say a good word for them. The Hon. Carroll D. Wright thought that there were, for in his book, "Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question," written when he was United States Commissioner of Labor, on page 87, he says: "The poor whites of the South are entering the cotton mills as an opportunity which had never before been open to them. They are becoming industrious and saving in their habits; and, coming to the factory towns, they bring their families, and they in turn are brought into an environment entirely different from that under which they were reared. . . . The factory means education, enlightenment and an intellectual development utterly impossible without it—I mean to a class of people who could not reach these things in any other way."

One who has lived long in the South, in touch with girls and boys who have worked in the cotton mills, said to the writer that her sympathy was with the employers. She said that in the mills the children learned to be industrious, to be on time, a thing unknown in the families from which the mills take their employes. She never knew of a girl or boy broken in health by work in the cotton mills. As to wages, she felt that if the mill workers knew how to use money they would be well off, and she added that it is after they have worked in the mills that they become industrious and for the first time in their lives begin to want an education, and work and save to get it.

Marion Carter, who spent a summer in the Carolinas preparing articles on hookworm and pellagra for "McClure's Magazine," speaks even more emphatically in a letter to "The Times" of February 4:

"Dr. Stiles has called my attention to the fact that child labor in these states was automatically stamping out hookworm disease through the sanitary conditions enforced by the mills . . . and that the 'wretched, feeble children,' so feelingly pictured and storied, were mostly fresh from the hookworm farms."

We have other authority for a good word for the mills. Thomas R. Dawley was one of the special agents sent out by the Bureau of Labor to investigate the Southern cotton mills, especially as to conditions of child labor. He spent the greater part of two years among the mills and in the homes of the workers; he also visited the places the workers had left when they went to the factory towns. He reports what he saw in an interesting book, "The Child That Toileth Not." Mr. Dawley thinks that from the original home to the cotton mill is usually an advance in wholesome surroundings, in proper food and clothing and in health; that those who work in the mills learn habits of industry, are more moral and have a better outlook for the future. He tells of schools and playgrounds, of kindergartens, of cooking and sewing classes supported by the mill owners, of comfortable homes and low rents.

The book was published in 1912. I read it soon after it was announced, and then waited eagerly for the reviews; I am still waiting for them. To be sure, I have several before me as I write, some of which give a good account of the book, but most of them seem to be afraid of it. I am reminded of the comment an elderly lady made after hearing a lecture on "Evolution." "If it is true," she said, "it ought to be hushed up."

MARY E. DANN.

Hempstead, N. Y., July 30, 1913.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

An American merchant at whose home a German colleague had been entertained last winter was at Dresden, where he received and accepted an invitation to dine with his guest of a year ago. "We were informed that it would be a 'real American dinner,'" said the New Yorker, relating the story, "and my wife and I both looked forward to it with pleasure. Well, we had the dinner, and although it was queer in spots it was good, but the only things 'American' were the cocktails and the apple pie, and they were so well disguised that it required some imagination to recognize them."

He—They say kissing brings on diseases.
She—Well, a little illness must come into every life.—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Merab, physician to Menelik II of Abyssinia, in a recent letter says that the practice of medicine in that country is "a survival of practices which were universal in Europe six hundred years ago." The remedies are bleeding, free purgation, the juices and seeds of various plants and sundry portions of animals. "Pneumonia, which is very rife," says the writer, "is treated by wet cupping. Under this treatment adults recover, old people die, and, as for children, they are never treated at all, and so they always get well."

Mrs. Styles—Do you know where I got this hat, dear?
Mr. Styles—Looks as if you got it off the top of one of those piano lamps!—Yonkers Statesman.